

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1919

15,000 Marriage Knots Tied Every Year in N. Y.'s Own Little Chapel

NEARLY ONE-THIRD OF 42,000 LICENSES FOLLOWED BY WEDDINGS AT THE BUREAU

Mr. CRUISE Starts Most of These Voyages on the Sea of Matrimony—Mr. HART Is Appealed to for the Marriage Licenses—And at the Head of All City Clerk Scully Watches Romance With a Fatherly Eye.

By Edith Biggs

IF wedding bells graced the Municipal Building, chiming would ring out from morning till night for the thousands of people who are married there, who come unceasingly in pairs, day after day, to obtain the benefit of the short, simple ceremony and low fees. New York, as a wedding centre, takes the wedding cake. Having achieved a record of issuing 42,000 licenses per year, it leads in romance as well as in industry. One-third of the weddings each year take place in the little chapel upstairs; 15,000 times the ceremony is performed each year for 15,000 couples.

Sixty-one couples obtained their marriage licenses at the Municipal Building last Friday, according to the records for the day, but the total



BRIDAL RAIMENT IS VARIED AND INTERESTING

would have been much higher except for the old superstition about Friday. Most of these were married in the chapel of the Municipal Building by Mr. Michael J. Cruise, deputy clerk, who finds that performing wedding ceremonies is a profession that continues unceasingly, regardless of war, or the high cost of living—and loving.

P. J. Scully, who has been City Clerk since 1895, is in general charge. But Mr. Cruise performs many of the ceremonies, or rather, he performs the same ceremony many times for the crowds of people who come to the Municipal Building each day eager to take up the yoke and enter the realm of matrimony.

How romantic it is that those whose hearts have been pierced by Cupid's darts, and who, therefore, desire a marriage license, may make application to a man named Hart—E. W. Hart—who fully comprehends their affliction, having held his position as clerk in charge since 1908, when the institution was first opened. There are many other clerks, all of whom are always busy writing out, filling out the application blanks for the many people who begin to arrive



SOMETIMES THE ENTIRE FAMILY LOOKS ON

as soon as the office is opened in the morning, and continue to come until it closes at 4 P. M.

There is always plenty of work for the two interpreters whose duty it is to determine whether Mrs. Sczmysek approves of her daughter's marriage. Foreign parents frequently become so excited that they begin to say either "yes" or "no" and continue to make the same reply to all the questions on the application blank, even saying "no" when asked if they approve of the marriage. It is the duty of the interpreters to unravel all misunderstandings and to spell correctly all names that must appear on the application blanks, this being a feat that only the most skilled can accomplish.

McGroes, Mr. Scully has discovered, have less superstition about Friday than many other nationalities and come on that day as on any other. Italians consider Thursday their lucky day, the great majority of the applicants on that day being Italians. Jewish couples come on Saturday because they have a half day off from their work and need not lose time, thus eliminating a reduction in their pay check.

Many people of prominence obtain their licenses here and frequently are married in the little chapel upstairs. Friday, while I was visiting the bureau as an "observer," a handsome Lieuten-

religious services to be conducted at their own synagogues or churches.

On the day of the clerk in charge is a list of "stoppers," names of persons for whom licenses are not to be issued. If Romeo and Juliet are not of age the parents may stop the marriage by filing an objection. An irate mother arrived breathless at the desk of the clerk in charge Friday. "Has a license been issued to — and my daughter, —?" she demanded. "Have they been in here within the last hour?" After looking through the pile of licenses for the day, she was assured that they had not called at the clerk's office. "Then I'll wait for them," she decided, her eyes snapping. She seated herself near the door and kept a constant vigil throughout the afternoon, but — and — did not appear upon the scene.

Sometimes the entire family comes to the Municipal Building to attend the wedding ceremony of a girl or young man. Little children, waiting in the clerk's office Friday, played tag through the open doors. Loud talking and noise is not permitted. An air of dignity is maintained in the clerk's office and in the chapel in keeping with the importance of the occasion to the many people who are married there. The service is short and simple but is impressively performed, after which the bride and bridegroom are asked to kiss each other, which in most instances is done with enthusiasm.

"Harleys" for Housewives and Business Girls

WOULD MEAN MORE EFFICIENCY, SAYS THEIR INVENTOR

Wear 'Em to Work, Walk Instead of Hobble, Get Around Better, Have Comfort and Ease and Health—And Put Skirts on Bow-Legged, Knock-Kneed and Pigeon-Toed Men

By Fay Stevenson

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

YOUNG Ladies of the Business Brigade, stop wearing décolleté blouses and tight skirts. Be modest and wear trousers! Now, don't all blush and gasp until you finish reading what SORT of trousers they are.

Dr. Mary Walker wore men's clothes several years ago, but they were so very, very masculine that no typically feminine woman wanted to don them. Now we have Miss Fannie Harley, who has come on from the West and dazzles us all by walking down Fifth Avenue in a costume of white serge trousers, or harleys, as she prefers to call them, spelled with a small "h." But call them what you please, there is absolutely nothing masculine about them, for they are made of silks, cretonnes and challis, and trimmed with marabout, chiffons, but-

tons and roses.

"I don't advocate trousers for all other women," Miss Harley told me, as we sat in her room at the McAlpin, surrounded by the most feminine materials you can imagine, even if they were cut in two pieces instead of one at the base. "I can see how the woman who has worn skirts all her life would find it very embarrassing to jump into a pair of harleys and walk right out before the public. But at the same time I think my harleys twice as modest with their round necked smocks and coats as the décolleté blouses and ridiculously tight skirts I see. For instance, if I were a business girl, say a stenographer in an office where there were a number of men, I would much rather appear in a pair of harleys and one of my smocks than in the sleeveless, backless, ankle-binding dresses so many young women wear. Is there anything immodest about me?"

Miss Harley stood up and let me survey her from head to foot. She is tall and slender, with the firm and supple form of one who has lived much in the open. She wears what she terms her "utility" harleys, which are made of khaki sateen and reach clear to her ankles.

A little white linen smock very similar to our middie came just over her hips and over this she slipped a khaki jacket with a belted effect. Her feet were clad in tan, round toed shoes with a military heel. But Miss Harley's love of the feminine, despite her preference for trousers, displayed itself in a touch of blue. The harleys were bound with blue braid and trimmed with big blue bone buttons. All of Miss Harley's clothes match in color scheme. Her smock also bore traces of the same shade of blue in embroidered initials.

I was forced to admit her harleys do not display her figure as much as the present day tight skirts would. They are loose over the hips and shirred along the outer seam. At the base they measure 16 inches.

"Your modern skirts are one-legged trousers, mine are two," she laughed as she strutted about the room in a free and lively manner unhampered by swaddling clothes. "Now see how much better a business girl could get on and off cars, and elevators and go back and forth from desk to desk and corridor to corridor. And the housewife could be so much more efficient about her work if she could walk instead of having to hobble. Nurses and waitresses, all women who work, could get about their work so much better in harleys. Oh, how I hate skirts!"

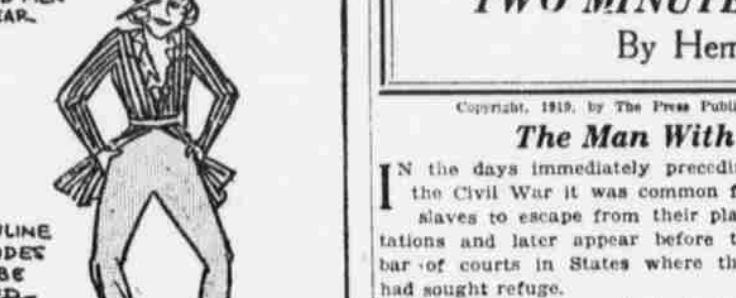
"Of course this would be a perfectly appropriate rig for the business girl," she continued, walking about the room, "but I know right well it is not dressy enough for her. However, she need not choose khaki for her material; she may have serge or broadcloth, satin or silk, or any of the new fabrics. And as to blouses she may have crepe or any color she loves. I believe in every woman keeping her feminine love of color and frills and furbelows, but I hate to see her encase her limbs in skirts as the Chinese used to bind their feet."

"Now when a woman wants to go to the matinee or to an afternoon reception or just to take a stroll down Fifth Avenue, what prettier gown can she desire than this?" asked Miss Harley, making a lightning change from her khaki harleys to a pair of peacock blue silk ones. These harleys are shirred in even more artistic designs than the others. And they are trimmed in fancy silver toned buttons which are heirlooms of Miss Harley's. Her blouse is of crepe meter with a band of Venice reaching to the hips and a dainty ruffle of maline at a rather high V-shaped neck. Over this Miss Harley slipped a charming little coat all shirra and ruffles with a delightfully long cape collar. It, too, is trimmed with the heirloom buttons. A dainty pair of black velvet pumps and a walking

A BUSINESS GIRL COULD GET ON AND OFF CARS EASIER.



MISS FANNIE HARLEY



NOT ALL COULD WEAR THEM

stick complete this frock, giving it a decidedly Parisian touch.

If you are wondering about Miss Harley's hats, they are all the same shape, and she has a different one for each pair of harleys. She is her own milliner as well as her own designer and dressmaker. And the reason she always wears her hats and gowns made from the same model is because she insists that when a woman finds that she looks well in a certain style of hat or suit she should always keep that standardized style for herself. She may change in material and color scheme as much as her nature demands, but she should appreciate what lines and angles belong to her.

"One time I met a lady whom I thought was perfectly beautiful," said Miss Harley, "but the next time I met her I wondered why my first impressions were that she was so beautiful, for this time she was positively ugly, and then it dawned upon me, she is wearing a different hat and gown." The first time it was in the spring and she wore a chic little mushroom shape which hid an enormously large nose and brought out her best lines, the next time it was in mid-summer and she had changed to a large flat hat which openly displayed all her worst points, especially that large nose. Now, if that woman had only clung to that little mushroom shape, no matter whether she changed it to felt or straw or what shades she selected, she would have always passed for a beautiful woman. Personally I prefer the tan style, only I look well with my tan slightly trimmed. I know that is my style of hat, and I shall always cling to it.

And now, if I want to be real

as she can always

as she can always

as she can always

as she can always

as she can always

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1919

The Wives' Union



By Neal R. O'Hara

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

LATEST news in this peaceful country is that they're gonna have a Wives' Union. Husbands all upset, and strikebreakers are being recruited. When the wives walk out, husbands will walk out too. Husbands plan to walk along Broadway till they find a suitable scab.

Wives have struck before, but usually with a rolling pin. Wives' Union is a new wrinkle, and the wrinkle appears on husband's brow. It's a good bet when the wives walk out they'll leave a sink full of dishes!

New union's going to be tough on newlyweds. Bride's just joined one union at the altar—now has to join the Wives' Union. When they call a strike, bride will have a bawl. Bride that joins the strike on her honeymoon will not only walk out—she'll walk back.

Reports at union headquarters state June brides are leading strike movement. J. H's are just discovering there's been a failure of the bonbon crop and that Handsome Harold is furnishing the house with excuses instead of furniture. June Brides have also discovered that Monday is wash day and Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday are wash days. June Brides are like the soups—they've had to get along without a lot of things since the first of July.

Wives' strike will be complicating. When a wife strikes, she'll go home to mother. And when she gets home she'll find that mother has struck! If she stays and helps out father, mother'll call her a scab. If she doesn't stay there, where's she gonna go? Striking wives will find the hotels filled up—that's where the husbands are going to go as soon as the wives walk out.

And it's going to be tough on a mother-in-law if she's visiting daughter when daughter goes on strike. When daughter walks out, mother-in-law had better walk out too—safety first!

Two MINUTES OF OPTIMISM By Herman J. Stich

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

The Man With a Sound Stomach.

Each can carry his banner only as far as native talent and ambition and pertinacity will carry it. We have no masters, we have no trammels. Neither class nor caste, neither creed nor breed impedes merit. We're free in every better sense of the word; and if sometimes we do not appreciate and say thanks for our blessing it is only because we have so long enjoyed it, it has become part of us, and like the man with a sound stomach we do not know we have it.

My place, freedom, we love individualism, we love expression, we abhor suppression.

Chains are abominable. We are forever fighting fate and fetters of tradition, custom, sometimes law. We'll battle with our dying breath against tyrants parental or governmental—against every and any enemy that would crush or stifle our individuality, our personality, our freedom.

Instinctively we take to the employer who asks us to "please do this," who wonders if we would be "good enough" to do that. We naturally co-operate with the man who mixes courtesy, gentility and sympathy with authority. Also we can't help that inimical feeling and aversion toward him who even though rightfully, shortly or sharply commands. We'll gladly agree to do twice as much as we grudgingly do when ordered.

We hate masters—which is why we love Uncle Sam's country. For here, all the lanes, all the byways and all the highways are open to all. Here son of peasant and son of potentate pilot with equal opportunity their ship of state and to both do we earnestly and sincerely say "may the better man win."

THE MEAN OLD THING.

MEAN OLD THING.

MEAN OLD THING.

MEAN OLD THING.

MEAN OLD THING.

MEAN OLD THING.